



DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Local Chairman (introducing Lecturer). "I AM SURE WE ARE ALL MOST GRATEFUL TO DR. BLUMENKOFF FOR KINDLY COMING HERE TO GIVE THESE LECTURES; AND WE SHALL BE STILL MORE GRATEFUL WHEN HIS COURSE IS CONCLUDED."

APOLOGETICS.

[With acknowledgments to an ingenious leading article in the *Manchester Guardian*, further developing the argument of "X," who writes in the *New York Nation* to show that SHAKESPEARE was quite right when he gave Bohemia a sea-coast.]

OF in my little knowledge I have smiled
At mighty SHAKESPEARE, when I thought that he
Planted the deserts of "Bohemia wild"
Upon the shores of some mysterious sea,
An ocean whose existence had before
Escaped the ken of geographic lore.

But hark! the unknown "X," with loyal heart,
Defends the master from the mocking hosts:
Bohemia was in ancient times a part
O' the Holy Roman Empire, which had coasts,
And SHAKESPEARE, with the true poetic soul,
Spoke of the part while thinking of the whole.

So, too, when Proteus hastened, taking ship
From dry Verona, where waves never break,
To plain-begirt Milan, this was no slip—
Not, as one might have fancied, a mistake—
Are we to think our SHAKESPEARE more a fool
Than any urchin in the under-school?—

Verona meant the eastern coast, Milan
The western, in a vague and general way;
And one might well expect a hurried man,
Instead of riding hard a long, long day,
To coast round Italy—a charming cruise
Affording some inimitable views.

The poet tells us Delphi was the shrine
Of mediæval Europe—yea, the core,
And doubtless Delphi was to him a sign
To symbolise all Europe—nothing more—
Which (Asia being joined) one might regard
As some great island, if one were a bard.!

So when he talks of Delphi as an isle,
Though none but he observed a wavelet there,
Good friend, forbear the all too hasty smile,
And lay aside your rash, superior air:
More things in WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE there may be
Than are dreamt of in your geography.

"I HAVE to make the interesting announcement that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL will appear on a common platform at a great demonstration at Carnarvon. The date of the demonstration has not been fixed, but it will be between the end of September and the beginning of October."—*Daily News*.

It sounds a little like the Greek Kalends.

HEER RICHARD SKOWBONNEK, a German dramatic author, has given up writing and taken over the management of a boot-polish factory. With us, to judge by what one sometimes sees at the theatres, the contrary change is not uncommon.

Lady (of a certain age, to small girl). Can you guess how old I am?

Small Girl. No, but I can count up to 99.

THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE.

A WARNING TO BISHOPS.

["And the brewers said to the clergy, 'If you go on like that we will disestablish your churches' (Laughter)."]

Mr. Lloyd-George on the Licensing Bill.

ORPHEUS that with his lyre (or lute?)
Contrived to tickle bird and brute,
Making ecstatic tremors shoot
Through weasel, pard, and sparrow;
Who by his plectrum's nimble strokes
Got at the heart of elms and oaks,
And even found a way to coax
The pith of Pluto's marrow;—

Orpheus (although you might suppose
A man like that would make no foes)
Came to a most untimely close
In one of Thracia's gorges;
He chanced upon a Maenads' rout
Which wiped the young musician out
During a rather noisy bout
Of Bacchanalian orgies.

Pentheus, again, the Theban King,
Who used to quaff the crystal spring,
And spurn the Dionysus-fling
From a contemptuous distance—
On him a vengeful madness lit;
His mother found him in a fit,
Mistook him for a beast, and slit
The thread of his existence.

My Lords, the prop of Church and State,
Ye who incur the brewers' hate,
Be warned by me and ware the fate
That tore these two in sections;]
Behold the self-same god arise,
With awful anger in his eyes,
To menace your established ties
Against the next elections!

Observe his nose's purple bloom
Pranking the Nonconformist gloom,
See him consort with men from whom
His views till now have differed;
Note how he takes your church to task,
Supported by his brandy-flask,
And straddling on a mutual cask
With Messrs. PERKS and CLIFFORD!

Strange fellowship! If I were fain,
Like these, to be the Bishops' bane,
I'd yoke with one of larger brain
And slightly slimmer body;
And anyhow I'd not pretend
That I could hope to end or mend
The Church of England on a blend
Of temperance and toddy!

Yet must you grip the pastoral staff,
And striding forth with gaitered calf
Go meet, my Lords, this half-and-half,
This mongrel misalliance;
Nor will I leave your loss unsung
If you should be enrolled among
Those who abused the great god Bung,
And paid for their defiance.

O. S.

Temperance Orator (describing "awful example"). "He had no wife and family—a good thing for them too!"

MR. PUNCH'S AUTOGRAPH SALE.

Selections from the Catalogue, with Prices realised.

IV.

COX (HAROLD), *late Secretary of the Cobden Club, to the Right Hon. HENRY CHAPLIN, with reference to COBDEN's early habit of taking snuff:*

I SEE it stated in a local paper that COBDEN, at the beginning of his public career, was addicted to snuff-taking, but that on being assured by JOSEPH BARKER, the well-known temperance lecturer, that the practice would certainly injure his voice, he then and there resolved to take snuff no more. In these circumstances I wish to ask whether you are justified in stating that Free Trade has been snuffed out by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN?

[SIR ROBERT GIFFEN, £2 10s.]

WATSON (WILLIAM), *Poet and Sultanicide, to Mr. TRAVIS, the American and English amateur golf champion, seeking enlightenment as to the pronunciation of a golfing term:*

DEAR SIR,—By way of promoting cordial relations between England and America I contemplate writing a sonnet to the Schenectady putter, the redoubtable implement which played so prominent a part in your recent victory at Sandwich. My only difficulty is that I am uncertain as to the correct pronunciation of Schenectady. I can grapple with the situation if the accent falls on the second or third syllable, but if it is on the first I shall probably have to fall back on some suitable periphrasis such as "mallet-headed weapon." An authoritative expression of opinion from you will place me under a lasting obligation. [ANDREW KIRKALDY, 7s. 6d.]

LANKESTER (EDWIN RAY), *Director of the Natural History Museum, to the Dramatic Critic of the "Daily Telegraph," on the subject of mermaids:*

In a recent notice of the performance of a Parisian artist at the Alhambra, I observe that you state that "by her graceful and sinuous style" of dancing she suggested "the legendary denizens of the ocean." As the author of a monograph on the "Cephalaspidian Fishes," I should be much indebted to you for a more precise definition of the denizens in question. [MR. CHARLES MORTON, 3s. 6d.]

MILES (EUSTACE), *Athlete and Dietetic Reformer, to Mr. H. W. MASSINGHAM, in regard to over-feeding at the Universities:*

I had already noticed the painful announcement to which you allude, viz., that "J. SHERLOCK, of Oxford, had broken the sandwich record with a score of 71." Of course a good deal would depend on the size of the sandwiches and their composition, but, generally speaking, a sandwich implies meat, so that this exploit, of which so much has been made by the Press and public, is doubly disgusting—first as a mere piece of gluttony, and second as an act of carnivorous excess. I entirely approve of your intention to bring the matter before the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University. As a boy at school I remember once eating 13 hot cross buns, but 71 sandwiches is quite another story.

[MR. CADBURY, £3 3s.]

BALFOUR (The Right Hon. A. J.), *Premier and Philosopher, to Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN, in regard to a proposition from the latter:*

I regret that I am unable to entertain your flattering proposal, inspired by a recent performance at Camden Town, that I should contribute the lyrics of a new musical comedy to be called *The Golf Girl, an American Travis-tee*. The claims of the Licensing Bill and other Parliamentary business so fully occupy my time that I have been obliged to abandon all literary work. Indeed, I have not yet made so much as even the rough draft of my Presidential Address to the British Association. Your alternative proposal, that I should



THE POLITICAL RIP VAN WINKLE.

SCENE—Arkward Pass on the way to Sleepy Hollow.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Rip . . . RT. HON. ARTHUR J. B-L-F-E.

The Barrel Imp . . . MR. BUNG.

[“The stranger . . . bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity.” (See Washington Irving’s “Sketch Book.”) And this was the beginning of Rip’s long sleep.]



THE POLITICAL MAP OF THE WORLD

THE POLITICAL MAP OF THE WORLD
SHOWING THE PRESENT STATE OF THE
EMPIRES, KINGDOMS, REPUBLICS, &c.
OF THE WORLD.
PUBLISHED BY J. WILKINSON, 10, ST. MARK'S LANE, LONDON.
1854.



A GREAT RENUNCIATION.

At Ascot.

Fair American. "SAY, DUKE! WELL, I AM DISAPPOINTED! THEY'RE TAKING OFF ALL THE PRETTY CORONETS AND FRILLS AND THINGS, JUST WHEN HE'S GOING ON THE TRACK!"

entrust the task to my wife, is attractive, but unhappily impracticable. As DESCARTES says, *ex nihilo nihil fit*.
[Lord HINDLEP, £10 10s.]

JESSOP (GILBERT), *Croucher*, to TYLDESLEY, the Lancashire hard hitter, asking his co-operation in getting a Haskell cricket ball accepted by the M.C.C.:

. . . . You or I, I am confident, could hit one a mile. The old monotony of sixes would thus disappear, and we should make twenties or thirties, or even fifties at a single stroke. A great deal is written about the reform of cricket. In my opinion a rubber-cored ball would do everything that is required. The only drawback that I can see is the possibility that mid-on would have to wear armour plates. . . .

[Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON, 10s. 6d.]

CHURCHILL (WINSTON), M.P., to Signor MARCONI:

What I should like would be an inexpensive installation of your wireless telegraphic system, enabling me, by means of a pocket receiver, to listen to the afternoon debates in the House as I walked over the links, or, in the evening, as I put the finishing touches to my new romance. I find myself less and less disposed to visit the House, where, apart from

the difficulty of settling upon a seat, so much happens that has happened before and will happen again.

[Lord HUGH CECIL, 5s.]

CLIFFORD (Dr.), *Nonconformist Divine*, to Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD, making an offer for "*St. Amant*":

I must apologise for this intrusion, but my doctor has recommended me equestrian exercise, and I have been informed, on what I considered was good authority, that you had in your stables a young horse named *St. Amant*, quiet to ride or drive, which you might be willing to sell. I want to give not more than sixty guineas, but of course a lower sum would not displease me. I could at any rate promise *St. Amant* a good home and an indulgent master.

[THE JOCKEY CLUB, £1.]

FROM the Schoolmistress:—

"The authorities of the Training College, Oxford, have adopted the objectionable practice of notifying candidates that they cannot be received into the College by the medium of the halfpenny post."

Over weight, we presume.

APPOSITE REPARTEE IN ANSWER TO AN APPEAL FOR CHARITY.

—"Dun as you would be dunned by."

LATEST KIDNAPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ADVICES from Carnarvon confirm the rumour that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, who suddenly disappeared from Westminster a few days ago, has, by order of Lord BURTON, been drugged, carried off to North Berwick, and marooned on the Bass Rock. Considerable anxiety prevails amongst his constituents, as the unfortunate Member is said to have nothing to drink but Seagulls' syrup. Negotiations are, however, pending between his captor and Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, the former undertaking to remove Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE to the mainland if he pledges himself not to open his lips in the House of Commons before the next General Election, except for the consumption of malt liquor.

After several attempts Sir EDWARD POYNTER has succeeded in kidnapping the Earl of LYTON. The unfortunate nobleman is, it is understood, at this moment lying handcuffed in the Diploma Gallery, but the House of Lords have practically decided to accept the terms offered by the President of the Royal Academy. These stipulate that the Administration of the Chantry Bequest is to be unanimously approved by the Upper House, that Mr. D. S. MACCOLL's head is to be presented to the Tate Gallery, and that a peerage is to be bestowed on Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN.

Great distress has been caused in the Bordesley Division of Birmingham by the news that the Right Hon. JESSE COLLINGS has been carried off to sea in his yacht by Mr. T. GIBSON BOWLES. A communication which has reached the Admiralty states that the prisoner, who is chained to the binnacle, will not be released unless the following terms are carried out: (1) Mr. GIBSON BOWLES, M.P., to be made First Lord of the Admiralty; (2) Mr. JESSE COLLINGS to renounce his allegiance to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and assume the name of CORDEN; (3) a ransom of 30,000 acres of land and 10,000 cows to be paid to Mr. BOWLES; (4) the name of Mr. COLLINGS to be struck off the list of Privy Councillors, and that of Mr. BOWLES substituted.

Consternation reigns in the New English Art Club. While recently visiting the west coast of Ireland, Mr. GEORGE MOORE was set upon by some infuriated conger-eel fishers, to whom he was reciting his "Avowals," and carried off in a coracle to the Arran Islands, where he is immured in a beehive cell, and fed exclusively on salt fish, seed potatoes, and samphire pickles. His captors have forwarded to Mr. WYNHAM, the Chief Secretary, an extraordinary document formulating the conditions on which they are prepared to surrender their prize. These are: (1) that Mr. GEORGE MOORE is to give

up wearing a Celtic fringe; (2) that no more portraits of Mr. GEORGE MOORE are to be painted by members of the New English Art Club; (3) that he is to devote his literary abilities to the sphere of musical comedy; (4) that, as a compromise between the contending claims of Ireland and England, he is to reside henceforth in the Isle of Man.

Our West Kensington correspondent telegraphs that there is only too good reason to suppose that Mr. MOBERLY BELL, the Manager of *The Times*, who disappeared mysteriously a short time ago, and in spite of the most ingeniously-worded advertisements has not yet been traced, has been captured by BUFFALO BILL, and is now in *durance* vile in the Indian village at Olympia. Search-parties armed with every kind of warrant have ransacked the great building, but the Indian village is impreguably defended by SITTING BULL and a bevy of devoted Braves. It is understood that the only terms on which Mr. MOBERLY BELL can be released are his permission for BUFFALO BILL to change his name to BUFFALO BELL, and the supply of the *Times* to the great *impresario* for the rest of his life at three halfpence a copy. Negotiations have been set on foot, but the feeling at Printing-House Square is so strong against circulating the paper at less than twopence that much time may elapse before his release is obtained. The point as to BUFFALO BILL's change of name was at once conceded.

Consternation, we understand, reigns in Carlton House Terrace owing to the sudden and forcible abduction of Sir GILBERT PARKER early this morning by a band of St. James's Park brigands, under the command of MARCELINE, of the Hippodrome. What Sir GILBERT has done to excite the resentment of the French mime no one at present can say, although rumour is as usual busy. Suffice it to say that the great statesman retired to rest in the ordinary way last night, and this morning he had disappeared. He is reported to be hidden in the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street, one of London's inaccessible fastnesses. Ambassadors have visited MARCELINE in the hope of coming to some arrangement, but as he conducts his conversation entirely by whistles and somersaults the affair is not proceeding with the celerity that Sir GILBERT's friends could desire. It has, however, been elicited that MARCELINE's terms are a cash payment of two million pounds, a free pardon to all concerned, and a seat in Sir GILBERT's next Cabinet.

The absence of Mr. Justice DARLING and Mr. PLOWDEN from their duties is not due to indisposition, as was at first supposed, but to a more serious cause. It now

transpires that they were both chloroformed on the Embankment and carried off to Yorkshire, where they have been immured in a cave on Smilesworth Moor. A communication has, however, reached the LORD CHANCELLOR intimating the readiness of the writers to surrender their prisoners on the understanding that their places, as judge and magistrate respectively, shall be filled up by the appointment of Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL and Mr. GEORGE ROBEY. Friends of the distinguished captives will be glad to learn that they are both in excellent health, and that in the punning competition with which they beguile the tedium of their incarceration Mr. PLOWDEN's score stands at 371 to his opponent's 290.

A WAY WE HAVE AT THE 'VARSITY.

[In the most recent *Sherlock Holmes* adventure the guilt of reading an Examination Paper before it was issued is brought home to an undergraduate by the fact that, returning from the University Athletic Ground, where he had been practising the jump, he left "his tan gloves" on a chair in his tutor's room. The two following extracts are taken from stories shortly to be published by Sir ARTHUR C. K. N. D-YLE:]

I.

It was half-past six o'clock on the evening of June 1, and HENRY BLESSINGTON was walking across Midsummer Common on his way back from the river Cam, where he had been engaged with some of his friends and colleagues in practising for the summer boat-races in the celebrated College six-oared boat. His face was flushed and an air of determination sat not ungracefully on his manly brow, for had he not been the means that very afternoon of putting a stop to the notorious crab-catching propensities of the Duke of DELAMERE, the brawny ruffian who, in spite of his drunken habits, wielded the bow-oar on behalf of his *Alma Mater*. This feat had rendered it certain that the St. Barnabas six-oar would go head of the river tomorrow. As he thought of the coming triumph HENRY BLESSINGTON's blood coursed feverishly through his veins, and he proceeded mechanically to feel in the pockets of his fashionable frock-coat for his pipe and tobacco-pouch. Heavens! they were not there! As he realised his loss, a reading man, coming in the opposite direction, collided with him and trod heavily on both his patent leather lace-up boots. Smothering an oath, BLESSINGTON raised his gold-headed cane and struck the clumsy intruder a heavy blow. . . .

II.

The High Street of Oxford was a scene of tumultuous excitement. From every side undergraduates, accompanied by

their parents and other more remote relatives, were pouring in crowds to the Schools to hear the Chancellor announce the winner of the Classical Greats. Every class was represented. Here a scholar of Marcon's Hall, tastefully arrayed in the conspicuous blazer of his College Croquet Club, with his mortar-board rakishly set on the side of his head, might be seen arm in arm with two sprigs of Britain's nobility, clothed in the pink coat consecrated by an immemorial tradition to the followers of the Turl Hounds. Following these were to be observed two of the fastest and most brilliant members of Christ Church College walking cheek by jowl with their inseparable associates, the Captain and Vice-Captain of the St. Edmund's Hall Boat Club. The top hats which graced the heads of the two latter undergraduates had been freshly ironed and their lavender kid gloves (the badge of their aquatic prowess) shone across the High Street with a lustre that contrasted strangely with the frayed trousers and short Norfolk jacket of the Senior Proctor, whose duty it was to fine every tenth member of the assemblage.

TEE-TATTLE.

A GREAT many of our most sporting golfers are now adopting the American accent, which they find most helpful in keeping the eye on the ball. The Trans-Atlantic Grip is also coming into vogue: it is an illusive rubber-cored grip, with spry American-cloth ends.

The new Garden City links at the back of CLARKSON'S (where they let out wigs for the greens) have been entirely fitted with a smart line in flags: all those going out have stripes, while home-coming golfers see stars. There is an American bar at the turn.

Some new strokes are coming to the front, and it has recently been proved that a sure green-fetcher, against the wind, is the Sandy "hook," which bids fair to eclipse the old British "pull." The Broadway putt entirely counteracts the narrowness of the hole.

Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON, the eminent light-green golfer, has at last been able to trace back the pedigree of Colonel BOGEY, link by link, to an ancestor who came over with CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. From the same authority comes the assurance that, the first occasion upon which GEORGE WASHINGTON used the historic sentence, "I cannot tell a lie," was when he was accused by a caddie of putting his foot upon his adversary's ball while going to the eighteenth



APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.

He. "Who's that?"

She. "JACK ANSTROUTHER AND HIS BRIDE. HE MARRIED EVER SO MUCH BENEATH HIM."

He. "DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT!"

green, all square, upon the first monthly medal day at Mount Vernon.

Out of respect for the country that claims the new Amateur Golf Champion, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker's Hill, which occurs on the 17th inst., will be observed as a day of self-denial by all habitual swearers, throughout the golf links of Great Britain.

At the next meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club, it will be mooted that the caddies of the historic green be in future requested to allude to their national head-gear as their Tammanies.

A propos of golf garb, Roosevelt-soled boots give a much firmer stance than the once popular nail-studded crushers.

Later.—Since the collapse of Mr. TRAVIS (U.S.A.) in the second round of the Open Championship, all the above international courtesies may be regarded as cancelled; and TOM MORRIS has definitely decided to remain a Scotsman.

The Wunderkind again.

LADY NURSE.—Experienced infant preferred. Entire charge.

Advt. in the "Lady."



THAMES TRAGEDIES.

• JONES SAYS THERE IS ONLY ONE REALLY SAFE WAY OF CHANGING PLACES IN A SKIFF!

THE REVOLT OF THE FARE.

THE grievances of the London cab-users, after simmering for several decades, have boiled over at last, and a general strike is in progress throughout the metropolis. Some inquiries have been conducted by Mr. Punch's Special Commissioner with a view to obtain fresh light on a matter of no small public importance.

It appears that the cab-users, as a class, are an honest, intelligent, and deserving set of people, and must not be judged by the very small proportion of bilkers and other black sheep among their number. They are, in general, highly respectable, a large number being married, with families to support. They pay rates and taxes, like other citizens who do not passively advertise themselves. Cases of incivility and insobriety while in the act of cab-riding are becoming rarer every day.

Taking them all round, it may be said that cab-users are hard-working and conscientious according to their lights. They are out in all weathers, endeavouring to meet the calls of society, and to fulfil the duties of shopping or attendance at theatres and restaurants. The hours are long, and it is sometimes three or four o'clock in the morning before the labours of the theatrical and dance-frequenter

members of the cab-using profession are ended.

In these hard times, however, it is frequently the case that the cab-rider comes home to his wife with an empty pocket, and we fear that he complains, all too justly, that he cannot obtain a living wage. The extortions of the cab-drivers and the depredations of the luggage-touts have left him but little wherewith to rear and educate his growing family. Small wonder is it, then, that he is dissatisfied with the way in which his wrongs have been hitherto ignored. Cab-users, feminine as well as masculine, were inarticulate at the time of the ASQUITH arbitration, but since then powerful arguments in their favour have come forward in the shape of Tubes, motors, and electric trams, and they are determined to bring matters to a head.

Several mass meetings have been held, not altogether without result, within the last few days. At a gathering of cab-riding Peers and Members of Parliament in the yard at St. Stephen's at 12.30 A.M. last Thursday night, in answer to the cry of "Who goes home?" it was unanimously resolved that they would do so on foot, as a protest against the tyrannical action of the cabdrivers in boycotting the Legislature. It was further agreed that the money which would otherwise have been spent on

fares should be devoted to the settlement of cobblers' bills on account of wear and tear of shoe-leather.

Some impassioned speeches by titled strikers and others were delivered at the Church Parade in Hyde Park near the Achilles statue last Sunday in favour of a widened radius, the abolition of gratuities, and the introduction of taximeters. A collection was made in support of the strike fund. Pickets were stationed at the various entrances of the Park to observe any blackleg cab-riders. All who were not wearing the pink Union ticket on their silk or picture hats were invited to dismount. Small flags marked *FAIR*, for insertion in the buttonhole, were distributed for the purpose of tantalising any drivers who might be shaky in spelling.

The result of these operations has been the speedy reduction of the London cabmen to reason. A conference was held yesterday in which they agreed, pending a final settlement, to accede to most of the cab-users' demands, viz., to accept the bare legal fare without demur, to refrain from crawling, to drive straight to the point, to go where ordered (even to a remote suburb), and to come when whistled for.

P.S.—The latest news is that there is now a strike among the horses on account of overwork. Mr. P.'s Commissioner is still whistling for his cab.

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 6.—The stars in their courses fight for PRINCE ARTHUR. Seemed at opening of to-day's sitting he had really got into tight place. House in Committee on Licensing Bill. No disguise of reluctance on part of some exceptionally influential Ministerialists to support Clause II., which creates freehold in liquor licences by enacting payment of compensation on non-renewal. Ready for anything reasonable; constitutionally opposed to confiscation; but insist that duration of compensation system shall be limited by term of years sufficient to safeguard traders who secured their licence under the now existing law—which, by the way, makes it subject to withdrawal at the end of every twelve months. Opposition, seeing opportunity of filching votes, accordingly tabled amendments limiting claim for compensation to periods varying from seven to twenty-one years.

This PRINCE ARTHUR's new difficulty. If the thing were well managed, enough Ministerial votes would be drawn to make the division an unpleasantly near thing. Urgent Whip out summoning the faithful to the ramparts. House presents appearance long unfamiliar; benches crowded on both sides; Opposition elate, expectant; Ministerialists depressed, complaining, murmuring mutiny at a leadership that, crossing a bridge leading to General Election, grabs at the shadow of the publican's vote and loses the substance, represented by vote of the Church, the Temperance party, and all the higher levels of Conservatism.

"And in this case," said Mr. J. G. TALBOT, with a wan smile, "the substance is in peculiar sense 'the cheese.'"

Before Committee had sat an hour situation was reversed. It was the Ministerialists who were jubilant, the Opposition cast down. And all through ELLIS GRIFFITH, loyalist of Liberals.

In ordinary plans of campaign, as for example that environing Port Arthur, it is customary for the arbitrary direction of movement to be left in the hands of Commander-in-Chief. If at the critical moment, when advancing to attack, a full private or an epauletted captain were to dash in with a manœuvre entirely his own, its progress would be interrupted at initial stage by the strategist being shot through the head by comrades nearest at hand. Liberals, whether in Opposition or in office, manage things much better. Every man in the ranks is as good as another, much better than any statesman on the front bench. The Member for Anglesey didn't mean any harm. He was not in the private pay of Ministers. No one



LANDED HIS PARTY IN A BUNKER.
Mr. Ell-s Gr-ff-th.

more honestly or hotly objected to unlimited duration of the Compensation Clause. Only it would be a glory to gallant little Wales, an honour to Anglesey, if, pushing ahead of the ordered programme, he raised question of time limit on Clause I., leaving the score or more of Members with amendments to Clause II. grinding their teeth. Accordingly moved amendment limiting operation of Clause I. to seven years.

HOULDSWORTH, Unionist Member for Manchester, whose expected help in resisting unlimited compensation was of inestimable value to Opposition, pointed out that Clause I., whilst involving payment of compensation, also dealt with the transference to Quarter Sessions of the jurisdiction of local justices. Hostile to unlimited compensation, he was in favour of the latter provision and could not support an amendment that abolished it at the end of seven years. And HOULDSWORTH spoke for a score or more Ministerialists on whose vote Opposition counted.

Here was a pretty pickle! The ruthless Chairman increased its pungency by ruling that, if conditions of compensation were discussed on ELLIS GRIFFITH's amendment, question might not be reopened in its proper place on Clause II. ELLIS GRIFFITH begged leave to withdraw his amendment. Ministerialists laughed loud and long. A man revoking in a game of bridge played for high stakes might just as well seek to avoid the penalty by asking leave to withdraw the card and play another. Chagrin of Opposition not modified by consideration that they had been out-manœuvred by an adroit enemy. Marching along with confidence to take up a strong position,

they had wantonly strayed and now found themselves in a bog.

Business done.—Licensing Bill in Committee. Opposition make bad start.

Tuesday, midnight.—The spectacle of Mr. CROOKS seated below the Gangway wearing somebody else's opera hat what time he hurled oburgation at the Chair would have caused palpitation in Poplar had the constituency been in sight of its esteemed representative. But Poplar was in bed, or ought to have been. It was within a few minutes of midnight, a circumstance which, taken in conjunction with the opera hat and the inflamed gestures, suggested that the honourable Member was affording practical illustration of necessity for more stringent supervision of the Licensing Laws.

The suspicion was absolutely unfounded, wholly unworthy. The fact is, PRINCE ARTHUR had moved the closure on further debate of the ELLIS GRIFFITH amendment. House cleared for a division. In accordance with quaint etiquette established before Queen ANNE was dead, a Member desiring to address the Chair must, in such circumstances, remain seated, wearing his hat. At the moment Mr. CROOKS didn't happen to have a hat with him. Struggling to his feet he was received with roar of contempt from upholders of law and order opposite. Pulled down by the coat tails by friends near him, he showed disposition to have it out with somebody.

"What did they mean by roaring, 'Put on yer 'at'? I haven't got 'a nat," he growled.

It was then CATHCART WASON came to his aid. Strolling in from the opera, or other resort of fashionable Scotch Members, he carried his opera hat under his arm. Releasing the structure with a bang that sounded above the tumult



Mr. Cr-ks, being without his own hat, disappears inside the opera-hat of Mr. W-a-s-o-n.

on the other side, he placed it on Mr. CROOKS's head.

All being now in order the Member for Poplar made his protest; the Chairman blandly ruled there was nothing in it; the division went on, and the closure was decreed.

After all, the closure not an unreasonable proceeding. Question of time limit to compensation to publicans disturbed in possession of their license



LORD LANSDOWNE'S BROTHER.
(Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice.)

been talked round through two long sittings. If all that was to be said *pro* and *con*, could not be uttered in that period opportunity must have been wantonly wasted.

Much reason to fear that Mr. CROOKS's emotion arose from circumstance that he contemplated contribution to the debate and had missed earlier openings. This regrettable; but on the whole the Member for Poplar cannot complain of inadequate share of a week's talk. In fact he is in danger thus early in a promising Parliamentary career of wrecking it by excessive garrulity. It would be a pity, for, otherwise, the House listens to him gladly. Recognises in him a valuable addition to the class of labour representatives who form one of its most respected and influential sections. A capital speaker through his first quarter of an hour; knows what he is talking about; illustrates his theme with flashes of homely humour. But alack! he doesn't know when to sit down.

As the MEMBER FOR SARK, fresh from Sir WILLIAM POLLITT's dinner to a notable group of railway managers, says, "CROOKS's speech lacks terminal facilities."

The other day, in Committee of Sup-

ply, he spoke on the Local Government vote for forty minutes by Westminster clock. That would be unpardonable even in debate on the second reading of an important Bill. In Committee a man is not expected to make a speech; his business is to contribute brief practical talk in elucidation of the point immediately at issue.

Mr. CROOKS is too excellent a force to be wasted, too good a man to be spoiled. Salvation for him would come by the realisation of CARNE RASCH's dream of compulsorily shortened speeches. Heard much to-day and yesterday about time limit for compensation, in the interests of reducing inebriety in drink. A time limit designed to minimise inebriety in speech, is scarcely of less importance. Pending enactment of RASCH's proposal a friendly word in Mr. CROOKS's ear may be effective.

Business done.—ELLIS GRIFFITH's amendment to Licensing Bill negatived by majority of ninety-eight. "Who fears to speak of '98?" quoted PRINCE ARTHUR, looking cheerily at the stricken host opposite.

CHARIVARIA.

WE have had a big stroke of luck in the war against Tibet. Our ultimatum has been returned with an impertinent message. This insult justifies the war.

The Women's International Congress, now sitting at Berlin, demands "the absolute equality of the sexes." Yet (and this is characteristic of female impracticability) no means have been suggested for raising the male sex to the standard attained by the other.

A new disease, known as the "shaking sickness," has made its appearance in Swiss schools, and it is feared it will become necessary to close some of these institutions. Many English schoolboys have given orders for a specimen of the bacillus to be forwarded to them as soon as it is discovered.

People continue to complain of the plague of gnats. We understand that a good defence is to bathe the face twice a day in liquid glue. The insects will stick to this without inflicting further irritation.

The *Novoe Vremya* is wroth with Great Britain. The war, it declares, "is largely due to the provocation and complicity of a third party." But the *Novoe Vremya* forgets that, even if the allegation were true, Russia ought to be grateful to us for giving her the opportunity of wiping the "yellow monkeys" off the face of the earth.

It has again been suggested that in future any defaulting South American Republic shall be annexed by the United States. It would, we take it, be incorporated with the State of Iowa.

Boots for dogs are declared to be the latest fashionable novelty. But it has long been the custom to supply these articles to cats, when they sing too much at night-time.

Paragraphs have been appearing in several papers on the subject of the strange uses to which old tram-cars are put, but no mention is made of the strangest use of all to which they are put in some parts of London, namely, that of tram-cars.

The *Vyedomosti*, of St. Petersburg, approves of Mr. HENRY NORMAN, M.P. It serves him right.

A music-hall performer, now appearing in London, has stated that she was offered £525 a week to stay in Chicago. Whether this sum was offered by London or Chicago has not transpired.

The *Motor Car* declares, on high medical authority, that motoring is a cure for insanity. We would therefore recommend several motorists we know to persevere.

A lad named JOHN JAMES JOHNSON was recently knocked down by a van driven by a man named JOHN JAMES JOHNSON. Curiously enough, they were not related, and it is not known why it was done.

"If there are any poets or poetesses here," said Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, speaking to the Dante Society, "my advice to you is 'Do not let Society spoil you.' Can the Laureate have inadvertently confused himself with that other ALFRED who was "England's Darling"?

Italy and Germany are not the only countries which are desirous of increasing their navies. The American cruiser *Tacoma*, according to a cable, has recently started from Honolulu in search of the war-sloop *Livan*, which sailed from Hilo in 1859 and has not been reported since.

The conflict in the Far East has led to a great outbreak of military activity in almost every quarter of the globe. Even Australia is up and doing. A Military Order has been published in the *Melbourne Argus*, directing a regimental Board to enquire into and report upon certain damages alleged to have been sustained by a sauceman in charge of the officer commanding the Queens-cliff district.

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

IX.

*In Lower Regions, Korea.
May 16.*

PERHAPS, Sir, when your aquiline optics have scanned the above heading, you will wonder why in the name of Dickens I am descending the Korean Peninsular, in place of pressing myself forward into the Japanese Van, which is now occupied in making alarms and excursions amongst the Wilds of Manchuria?

Undoubtedly, had I merely consulted the interests of the *Chittagong Evening Conch*, the proper address to find me would by this time have become once more, like that of the Juvenile Hibernian Minstrel, in the ranks of War.

But I am proud to say that, in my dual capacity of "Punch Representative" and "War Correspondent," I have always considered that the former is entitled to precedence. I am here solely for the advancement of yourself and Periodical!

For I was lately in receipt of a friendly tip from the officiating Bonze that he was now in apple-pie orders for inaugurating *Punch's Temple*. [Ed. Com.—Mr. Jabberjee has been more than once informed that nothing but a profound scepticism as to the existence of any such structure prevented us from cabling to stop such nonsense at once.]

I am not ignorant that, in one or two of your fatherly epistles, you have hinted that for no consideration would you be induced to lend your open and benevolent countenance for any heathenish idolatries, and of course I easily understood that (officially) you could hardly return any other response without causing rather grave scandal in orthodox English Home Circles!

But I recalled from my Shakspearian readings that *Richard*, when *Duke of Gloucestershire*, on being offered the crown by Hon'ble Mark Antony, as *Earl of Bucks*, did refuse it no less than three times, for the sake of appearances—and I should be deplorably lacking in Mother's wit if I could not read between the apparently hard and fast lines of your repudiation.

However, by all means make a whipping-post of myself as escaped goat, if necessary—even to the extent of exhibiting me to public execrations as an unauthorised fanatical. Though it is superfluous to protest that I am not so utterly benighted as to be a believer in Demonology—which I regard, like most other philosophers, as purely the matter of policy and climate!

Still, I am bold enough to suspect that, behind a frowning mask, you are concealing a secretly approving simper. In this persuasion I am vastly encouraged by the recollection of having once seen a published description of a certain Inner Chamber of *Punch's Office*, wherein, so it was alleged, yourself and staff are wont to assemble for mystic and secret discourses. For, from photos of this apartment illustrating said article, I was dumfounded to perceive that it contained no less than two large-sized "*Punch*" effigies of such unparalleled hideosity that it is almost inconceivable they could be there merely as ornaments. . . . Then, pray, for what, Misters? . . . Please answer that question in the privacy of own bosoms, before protruding your tongues in hypocritical horror at practices by less highly educated Korean natives!

Be this as it may, you would be, I venture humbly to assert, somewhat less than human if your cordial cockles are not to indulge in suppressed cheerings on receiving intelligence of the splendid success which your idol has already obtained in these localities.

It has been christened the "*Chin-Tung-Konk*" (the Garrulous god with the Truly Magnificent Proboscis), and no idol could have been honoured with a more auspicious "send-off" at its temple-warming.

My friend the Bonze, though by birth of Buddhistic opinions, is a broad-minded, unprejudiced old chap who is



"OH, DEAR, DEAR! HOW SHOCKED AND GRIEVED YOUR POOR FATHER WOULD BE TO SEE YOU TWO NAUGHTY BOYS SMOKING LIKE THIS AT YOUR AGE!"
"RATHER! THESE ARE HIS MOST EXPENSIVE CIGARS!"

willing to recognise any rival religion, provided it is rendered worth his while.

He is also (as I think I mentioned) a fermenting admirer of your pictorial waggery, though totally unable to read the accompanying letterpresses. I am instructing him in the elementary principles of English Humour, and he will, I believe, be competent, after a few more lessons, to comprehend (and—who knows?—perhaps, even, to compose!) the simpler kind of witticisms.

Indeed, he is already impatient to figure as the Occasional Contributor—but I have gently reminded him that he is not to expect that he can gallop before he has learnt to toddle.

I will now proceed to describe the inaugural ceremonies, and if, after reading same, you can remain impervious to lively sentiments of obligation towards one who prefers to remain anonymous—then I must reluctantly endorse the good old sore that "There is only one place in which we may be certain of finding Gratitude—to wit, the Dictionary." (Kindly excuse chestnuts!)

Now to resume. After the adjoining devil-tree had, according to native customs and etiquettes, been duly suspended with innumerable rags representing orisons, the congregation adjourned to interior of shrine, where they performed highly elaborated genuflections before a very handsomely gilded and decorated *Punch* idol, to which they presented offerings of boiled rice, inexpensive sweetstuffs, and cakes in small copper trays. (These offerings, I should mention, were religiously consumed on following day by the officiating clergy, who were subsequently taken so severely unwell that I was under the distressing apprehension that my friend the Bonze, in particular, was to kick the bucket!)

Next, I read *vind voce* a few selected extracts from your esteemed issue of April 20, with running exegetical comments,

which were received by all present with awestruck reverence as a *Voz Dei*.

After that, the venerable Bonze favoured your image with some rather fine Terpsichorean performances, accompanied on a drum, a brazen gong, a cracked bell, and a pair of twinkling cymbals, by his assistant acolytes.

But, although the said Bonze's toe was undeniably fantastic, I am not prepared to testify from personal experience that it was of any exceptional levity—while, as to the ecclesiastical orchestra, they kicked up so cacophonous and deafening a din that it was not unworthy even of a London Charivari!

Altogether, it was a scene of the wildest enthusiasms. At least fifteen converts, after expressing a vehement desire to become life-subscribers to your respectable periodical, were removed in cataleptic convulsions before I could even ascertain their names and addresses.

The proceedings then terminated with a display of native fireworks and other festivities, and I may safely say that your shrine is now launched in the fairway of business. Indeed, sundry older-established devils are already putting up their shutters, and my friend the Bonze has coyly confided to me that he will not be greatly surprised if the *Punch* idol were, by-and-by, to bring off some minor miracle or other!

The question now is: what line are you going to take? . . .

It is of course open to you to upset your own apple-cart by giving the chuck to myself. But why, impetuous Sir, why cut off your face to spite your nose? When meat is overdone, you cannot induce it to return to raw material by a mere declaration to that effect. So my advice is that you should assume the virtue that you haven't got, and not tender yourself (to say nothing of your humble servant!) a fool by publicly admitting that you are totally undeserving of divine honours.

Leave such assertions to *others*, and do not be such an ill-natured old bird as to render your own nest unfit for habitation!

By the way, the Bonze's bill for dancing and use of assistants only comes to yen 35, as he has made the great reduction in his customary charges, owing to his inordinate love and affection for the presiding deity of your illustrious *serial*!

There are not improbably several Editors of acknowledged eminence who would rush baldheadedly into such an Al opening, and gladly endow almost any Korean shrine in perpetuity, simply as the advertising medium.

Surely you are not to be behind The Times in blowing your own boom!

P.S.—I have paid BONZE & Co. out of my private pocket, in the childlike assurance that my damascened cheek will not be reduced to the misery of blushing for Hon'ble *Punch* as a parsimonious! *Sho-ji* is slightly better. H. B. J.

VENUS'S LOOKING-GLASS.

THE sympathetic action of the Woodbridge District Council in erecting a mirror at some cross roads for the benefit of motorists has met with general approval. There is some uncertainty, however, as to whether the glass is intended to reflect round-the-corner traffic for the information of the driver, or whether it is placed there for the benefit of the lady in the *tonneau*. In any case it has been noticed that cars bearing what are presumably members of the fair sex refuse to pass the glass, and that the cross roads have further become a favourite resort for lady bicyclists and short-skirted pedestrians. The crowd, however, has so far been quite orderly and good-tempered, falling into the *queue* and patiently waiting according to the police instructions until each gets her proper turn. In order, however, to prevent undue congestion, it has been proposed that a mirror should be placed at every other milestone, so as to distribute the traffic.

MOMUS AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

PRETTY music and faces, bright scenes and costumes, some tuneful voices, a few catching melodies well sung, laughably eccentric acting and spontaneously comic dialogue, all contribute towards the making a genuine success for the comic opera *Véronique*, now gaily running at the Apollo Theatre. The music by M. ANDRÉ MESSENGER is light and sparkling, and the piece itself is equidistant from *Figaro* on the one hand and *La Grande Duchesse* on the other, and far off from both. The music has little in it to remind us of AUER; and not much, save where there are a few bars of dance between the verses, or at the end of a song or chorus, to recall OFFENBACH. Nor has it either the sweet melody of AUDRAN, nor the dash of PLANQUETTE. It is MESSENGER, not at his very best, but in a bright and pleasant mood.

MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM sings a melodious song so well as to gain an encore. Hers is not a particularly funny part, but it would be difficult to name anyone with a trained voice, and with MISS BRANDRAM's experience in this line of business, who could make so much of the character as she succeeds in doing. As *Agatha*, MISS KITTY GORDON, distinguishing herself by her dash and go in singing, dancing, and acting, *toujours dans le mouvement*, is one of the chiefest of the "lives and souls" of the opera. MISS SYBIL GREY, the sprightly representative of *Denise*, dances so cleverly as to assist MR. AUBREY FITZGERALD, the idiotic *Seraphim*, in winning an encore for their united efforts in the Second Act. All the ladies of the period, 1840, harmoniously singing, are, individually and collectively as chorus, charming; while the tuneful dandies, their companions, distinguish themselves not only by the airs they give themselves and by their correct rendering of the airs given them by the composer, but also by their graces according to the colour and variety of the tight-fitting costumes.

MISS RUTH VINCENT as the heroine, *Hélène de Solanges*, enters thoroughly into the humour of the unoriginal light-comedy plot, which is simply a variant of *She Stoops to Conquer* and other similar farces, singing and acting delightfully, securing encores (a genuine triple encore in the last Act, which she sensibly declined to take), and dividing the honours of the duets with MR. LAWRENCE REA (representing her lover *Florestan*, a stiff-jointed youth in correct but awkward attire), whose charm of voice atones for what is lacking to him histrionically. But the tenor who can act as well as he sings, what a *rara avis* is he!

MR. FRED EMNEY as *Mons. Loustot* (why "Mons.?"?) makes the most of an eccentric part. But it is to MR. GEORGE GRAVES as *Mons. Coquenard* (again why "Mons.?"?) that a clear two-thirds of the success of this piece (apart from its music) is due. He is the drollest of the droll, and his quite irrepressible fun, being now at its freshest and not as yet stereotyped, is heartily enjoyed not only by the audience, who take his every joke and go into ecstasies of mirth over all his eccentricities, but also by those on the scene with him, who are compelled to turn aside in order to dissemble their laughter, while even the conductor of the orchestra and his musicians are fain to smile in sympathy. That the source of all this amusement is to be found either in the adaptation by MR. HENRY HAMILTON, or in the original, is open to considerable doubt.

Though there is nothing particularly novel in the situations (for the donkey trio and the "swing" duet are not unfamiliar to play-goers), yet is it all bright, light and sparkling; while that drollissimo MR. GEORGE GRAVES (how queerly inappropriate the name!) as *Coquenard*, is irresistibly comic.

RUSSIA's position in the Far East seems worse than it was in the Crimean War. She now has no Steppes in the neighbourhood to climb down by.

OPERATIC NOTES.

June 4.—Poor Fräulein TERNINA still suffering from cold, and so unable to appear as *Elisabeth* in *Tannhäuser*. But Frau EGLI being applied to intimates that "BARKIS is willin'," and appears on this occasion majestically filling



Tannhäuser Van Dyck between the two charmers, Frau Egli-sabeth and Frau Reil-Venus.

"How harpy could he be with either!"

the part of our *Lisa*, whose only rival in the affections of that very wandering minstrel boy *Tannhäuser* is *Miladi Venus of Venusberg*, amply represented by Frau REIL. Herr VAN DYCK, as the wayward knight who has more than one string to his harp, sang and acted well, though the weather seemed to

have affected his vocal chords, for in England our early June suits not a foreign musical *June premier*. Herr VAN DYCK's portrait of *Tannhäuser* is excellent, showing how, when led away into wrong courses, he strikes the lyre and returns to truth. Admirable is VAN ROOY as *Wolfram*. One of his songs—the first distinctive line of which the present deponent, not being well up in the language of Germany, will not venture to write lest any injury should be done to the type—was delightful. *Vive le Rooy!* Not a very big house to-night, but quite enough to be carried away by the two VANS. Fine weather offers week-end attractions, and to-night the up-river *fête* of the Fourth of June Boys takes not a few musical-box



Fräulein Alten as Herd and seen playing.

folk to see the Eton Ten-or, the only rival this evening of the tenor at Covent Garden. Dr. HANS RICHTER and orchestra perfect. "HANS in luck."

Tuesday, June 7.—Those opera-goers who were unable to "get there" to-night have a great treat in store for them when Mlle. SELINA KURZ again sings and plays the part of *Gilda* in *Rigoletto*. The top note of her exit song on the balcony leading to the bedroom was enthusiastically acclaimed, and the "*Caro nome*" having been rapturously encored Mlle. SELINA KURZ had to descend the staircase—rather a come-down for her—make a graceful Kurzy, repeat her success, give her gracious ascent, and once more make her top-notable exit. Bravissima! She must be immortalised by our artist on her next appearance. Signor CARUSO again triumphant as the Dangerous and Deceitful Dook, with the delicious melody to which are set the words of the modern motor-car song, "*La donna è auto-mobile*." Mlle. BAUER-MEISTER as the unprincipled *Giovanna* (a cousin of *Giovanni* the Don) as good, and as wicked, as ever. The excellent Mme. KIRKBY LUXE is compelled to come out to-night uncommonly strong as the merry *Maddalena*, especially in the last quartette, which is splendidly given and rapturously taken by the house. M. RENAUD, as the unhappy jester who is the victim of his own practical jokes, arouses the sympathy of the audience by his acting, and gains their applause by his singing. Altogether, with the marvellous musicians under Master MANCINELLI, this is one of the very best of this season's good nights.

Thursday, June 9.—*Tristan und Isolde*, commencing 7.45. Is this deponent quite a Wagnerite? Is Mr. P.'s Representative almost a Wagnerite? Say two-thirds? Yes. He is a Lohengrinite, a moderate *Tannhäuserite*, a thorough Flying-Dutchmanite, and a considerable bit of a Meister-singerite. But is he a *Tristan-und-Isolde-ite*? As far as the dramatic music for orchestra is concerned, emphatically and enthusiastically "Yes"; but when we come to the vocal operatic part that represents the acted story, most decidedly "No." For rather would this deponent see *tableaux vivants* illustrating WAGNER's dramatic explanatory music, than hear the apparently painful efforts of sweet singers straining to get in a shout here and there, while utterly at a loss to invent such variety of action as shall relieve the dreary monotony of the wearisome proceedings.

There was a very full house, because not to be interested



"ARMA VIRUMQUE."

Fräulein Isolde Plaichinger about to take the dose. Herr Tristan Van Dyck is already suffering from the effects of a draught. Notice the expression on his countenance, and on that of the canine head carved on arm of chair, the open mouth indicating that the nasty stuff has not yet been tried on the dog.

in WAGNER is to argue yourself "out of it," and not up to the growing fashion of the day. But the majority, probably not musically qualified to be out-and-out Wagnerites, are, however, Wagnerites with a difference. They nightly crowd in to hear him, and whether they are henceforth to vote solid for WAGNER, or not, the next season will show. The plot of *Tristan und Isolde* is spun-out, and there must be the very perfection of acting and singing to prevent it from becoming tedious, as an opera, after the first half hour. When the DE RESZKES were in it, with Mlle. MEISSLINGER and Madame ALBANI, the most bigoted anti-Wagnerite was inclined to yield. But with Herr VAN DYCK as *Tristan*, Fräulein PLAICHINGER as *Isolde*, and Herr HINCKLEY as *King Marke*, good as they all are, it is a different matter. Comparisons must not be drawn, and criticism is superfluous. One can only wonder at, and praise, the energy displayed in the singing, and also in the dramatic action, which it is difficult for all to appreciate at its true value. It is Dr. RICHTER's personally conducted orchestra that rivets the attention; to those mainly interested in the music the singers are "such stuff as dreams are made on." We listen, we close our eyes, and we enjoy it.

Fräulein PLAICHINGER's acting is semaphorical: it may be descriptively summed up as "arms and the woman." Herr HINCKLEY's *King Marke* is pathetic, and Herr VAN DYCK's impersonation of the mesmerised amorous *Tristan* arouses our pity for the good man gone wrong. Madame KIRKBY LUXS as the confidante *Brangäne* succeeds, in making the character intelligible to the audience, in spite of her having to pass so much of her time in a corner with her face to the wall like a naughty infant-school-girl. By the way poor *King Marke* is condemned to a similar position, for quite twenty minutes in the Second Act, without having done anything whatever to deserve such treatment. How operatic actors of experience can lend themselves to such puerile stage-business as that with the "property" cup, broad and shallow, which, choke-full of liquid "potion," they wave about with enough recklessness to cause every drop to be spilt, is something that utterly passes any ordinary comprehension. A master of dramatic music in the orchestra, WAGNER was but a child in the nursery of dramatic art on the stage.

BLOSSOMING.

If, on Tuesday the 7th, at the end of the *matinée* at His Majesty's, when a highly-finished performance of *Twelfth Night* had been given in aid of "The Fresh Air Fund," Mr. TREE "was delighted," as he so heartily expressed himself, "to find that the presence of that audience would give a day of fresh air and happiness to twenty thousand little children," how still more pleased must he have been that the successful *début* of his daughter, Miss VIOLA, should have crowned the memorable occasion. Of good omen is it that this charming representative of a branch of the Family Tree (the others, olive branches, on this occasion were packed in a box) should be a youthful actress who gave considerable promise by a most creditable performance.

On any *débutante* playing *Viola* in *Twelfth Night*, what greater praise can be bestowed than to say, "She is VIOLA"? Now this is, in a sense, true of Miss VIOLA TREE. The young lady is Mr. TREE's VIOLA, but is she SHAKESPEARE'S? Not quite as yet: but let other *Violas* look to their laurels; there may be a TREE growing up to overshadow them. With pleasure will the *Père TREE* watch the fruit a-ripening. Mr. Punch wishes her health, happiness, and success!

Corruption in the "Force."

"FOUR burglaries have recently been attempted in Panistone and district, but only a few coppers have been secured."

Leeds and Yorkshire Mercury.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE is nothing particularly new or strikingly original in Mrs. ADELIN SERGEANT's latest romance, entitled *Malincourt Keep* (JOHN LONG), and yet from first to last it interests the reader, who will not willingly be interrupted in its perusal until the uttermost chapter has been reached and finished. To a certain extent the story recalls the ancient legend of *Blue Beard*, that is of *Baron Abomelique*, who so fascinates the girl with whom he has fallen in love that she vehemently protests against the idea of her having the slightest desire to pry into the Blue Chamber, wherein is carefully guarded the strange secret of his life. Perhaps this hint may just whet the excitement-lover's appetite for sensation, and the Baron hereby gives such an one to understand, in the language of the much-married Mr. Adolphus Tetterby, that "astonishment will be the portion of that respected contemporary."

In writing *Every Man his own Gardener* (HODDER AND STOUTON) Mr. JOHN HALSHAM addresses himself primarily to people who with little or no experience find themselves the possessors of about as much garden as they think they can manage single-handed. It is a multitudinous class, and they will find in this work the very thing they want. Mr. HALSHAM knows his garden *au fond*—or lower still, at least a yard deep, where by dint of digging he begins his study of the sort of soil he has to deal with. Having acquired that essential information *Paterfamilias*, young, middle-aged, or just retired from business, will find set forth, in simple language, practical instructions for dealing with his plot through the revolving seasons. Few people take keener delight in a garden than does my Baronite. He, however, draws the line at labouring in it with spade or hoe. But he intends to leave this book casually lying about where it will come under the notice of those who do, confident that they will gain many useful hints. The volume is charmingly illustrated by CARINE CADBY, the Rev. F. C. LAMBERT, and the author.

In future the Baron will be on his guard against trusting Mr. GUY BOOTHBY with any mystery that he does not wish to become public property. This author has got hold of *An Ocean Secret*, and he can't keep it to himself! And what happens? Messrs. F. V. WHITE & Co. absolutely sell the secret, which GUY B. has confided to them, for money!! So thrilling is the first sensational shock, that subsequent proceedings fail in piling up the agony quick enough to meet the demand of the expectant reader. Whether the secret is worth knowing or not, the aforesaid reader will decide for himself when he has mastered it.



FROM the *Manchester Guardian*:

"Night Watchman Wanted, accustomed to heavy firing; give references."

Port Arthur papers, please copy.

CONUNDRUM BY COMMODORE JUNK (who has been studying the *War news*). "Why are bare-footed little beggars in London streets like Chinese bandits? Because they are Sans-shoeses." [On reference we find the name is *Chan-sues*, and, therefore, rely upon the experienced Commodore's practical knowledge of the pronunciation.]